

Remembering a Great Leader

by Hiccupisnotuseless

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Summary: Spoilers for HTTYD 2! The Riders of Berk, alongside other people, remember one of the greatest men they ever met, someone they'll never forget. Now added other characters' thoughts.

1. Eret

Hello everyone! Hiccupisnotuseless says hello to everyone on this site for the fifth time!

Fifth time, because five are the stories I published about this incredible movie we all know is "How to train your Dragon". A movie rich of suspense, drama and epic scenes.

I loved a lot the first movie, it hit me so incredibly. And now, so many people are happy to because they saw the second chapter of this saga. How to train your Dragon 2!

Sadly, here in Italy we have to wait until August, to watch this great animated movie. And even if I didn't see it yet, sadly I had the spoiler on one of the most important parts in the movie: Stoick's death. It was a terrible thing to learn. I mean, from the trailers I knew Hiccup should be the next chief, but I didn't expect this. And how he is killed! It shocked me a lot. And then, on YouTube, I found the scene of his funeral. And I felt so sad. The part where the teens and Valka shot the arrows was perfect, incredible.

And since I learned about it, this idea came in my mind. And now, I hope you will like this multi-chapter story, in which I decide to write about a very serious theme: the death of a person that we love a lot. Also in my family I lost someone I took care so much. Not my parents, though, but that someone was equally a person I loved a lot. And also between my friends I lost someone. And deal with this is really hard.

**Now, every chapter of this fiction will be focused on different characters. Every chapter on someone's point of view. I'll start from

people not so near Stoick, and i will end with the dearest he had.**

I know everyone thinks I am in Germany, unable to write. And instead, I managed to write this!

Enjoy it!

I here now, with a burning arrow and a bow, watching at the ground.

I am in the place I was searching for a long time, to destroy it. And now I'm here to defend it.

I am with the ones that once were my enemies, and now are like my friends.

I'd like to say they are my friends. They showed me things I barely could imagine.

Riding dragons.

I think everyone should laugh hearing this, absolutely. It is unthinkable, right?

I am ... I was a Dragon Trapper, a person who lived by hunting dragons. One of those people that can see dragons just as beasts without a brain and capable just of destruction.

And instead, these guys showed me it wasn't true. And thanks to them, I am free. Free from the hunts of dragons, and from the obsessions of Drago Bludvist. That mad man ...

I should be happy. And instead I am here, sad for that boy who introduced me all of this.

I'd like to thank him for what he did.

But I can clearly see I cannot do it right now. He is sad.

I would to comfort him, but I cannot.

I do not why, but I cannot.

He's lost his father. I cannot imagine a worst way to lose a father.

Killed by his dragon. No ... they told me that Night Fury is like his best friend. His greatest friend.

And he lost his father due his best friend.

No ... he lost his father due that MAD MAN!

I think it's normal, for a man like that. He's just crazy.

He made suffer like the Hel. My chest is burning also now.

And he made suffer also that boy.

I didn't know very well his father. We met just that time on my ship, but then ...

I cannot say anything about him, but I think he was a great chief. A strong and brave man.

Heck, he arrived to sacrifice himself for his own son. Sure, every father should do this for his children, I know.

And I feel so ... I am ashamed I was an ally of that mad man who caused all this.

If it wasn't for him, I'm sure Hiccup still had a father. And the Berkians a chief.

And instead, I tried to help them. Maybe I could do something.

Hiccup ... he seems strong as his father ... sure those two seem really different, not just in the aspect.

I'm sure I've never met someone like him. His father seemed to be a real Viking.

But I know Hiccup is smart. Probably more than a Viking. The only one who can defeat Drago.

Stoick, I know I couldn't know you so much ... but I promise you I'll help your son to defeat the crazy guy who did this to you.

On my life, I promise.

I know probably it isn't so good, but I hope you'll like it. I'll correct it, I promise.

Hope you liked it, maybe the next chapter will be better.

2. Fishlegs

I'm seeing that ship on the water. I â€| I â€| I cannot believe it happened! We are all there, everyone with in the heart the same awareness. We have just lost our chief. We have lost one of the greatest chief in our Island.

I knew that probably I'd seen the day we lost Stoick the Vast. But I never expected we could lose him in this way. Absolutely.

Thanks to my books, I've studied all the story of Berk. And all its chiefs. I've read about their deeds, on the battlefield, in peace time.

I've read about Hiccup Horrendous Haddock I, a great chief who defeated the Meatheads after 30 years of war. He was charming, strong, charismatic. He also loved his family and tribe; a lot.

I've read about Hamish the I, one of the most important chiefs of Berk, the one who kept the peace for all the years when he was chief. He knew ho to fight, how to rule. And also his stubbornness is known a lot.

Also Hiccup Horrendous Haddock II, the chief who fought many battles against Berserkers. He managed to defeat them and to charm everyone he met. He killed like thirty dragons in just three weeks, when he was alone on that island, betrayed by his fellow men. He managed to find the way to save our food during the blizzard that hit Berk many years ago.

And after so much chiefs, another one arrived, another strong, charismatic and great chief. He lead us on the battlefield with courage, with audacity.

He was strong, even when he was tired or asleep. Always ready to fight someone. I remember him running through the plaza breathing slowly, after a long night fighting dragons. But he kept to run and to hit with his hammer.

Someone says he managed to cut off the head of a dragon when he was just a toddler. I think he managed to do something like that, if people arrived to say it.

He was also protective towards every of his Vikings. Also towards his only son, the son he always neglected and treated as a Useless.

He knew his work, he did his work with clear ideas. He was one of words without. He knew what to do, and probably he did it also without thinking so much. But he did it for our own good.

He was so strong in his fists as in his words. When he said something, people was often happy to do what he had said.

Those strong words echoed everywhere he went, also when he went to visit a friend, or to encourage an hurt warrior.

And after today, I can say he was strong also in his heart.

He was strong and stubborn.

A stubbornness every chief had, a great Viking feature, but also their weakness. A few chiefs managed to watch towards many directions.

I ... I ... I cannot believe I'd see the day one of our chief could die while I was still alive.

I couldn't believe I'd see this day. While our dragons are taken away by a mad man, and we have just lost our chief. He lost his life on the battlefield, but not against his enemy. He lost his life where almost nobody could see it, not to crash the skull of his enemy, but to save his son.

Someone could think he could be just one of the many chiefs of Berk.

No.

I can absolutely say he wasn't just as any chief. He was the chief who allowed dragons on Berk, who lead his people to fight them, and then to ride them. He managed to see those reptiles like they were part of our community. And they are.

No. Stoick the Vast was not just a chief. He was a Great chief.

As many other chiefs I've read about.

I remember about Hamish II, a great chief everyone thought he was like his father. And instead, he was a hiccup. Like our Hiccup.

The hiccup that now is near me, the hiccup everyone hated and neglected because he was just an hiccup.

But then, he was the Hiccup who changed the world.

The hiccup who brought the peace between us and the dragons.

The hiccup who allowed me to know Meatlug.

The hiccup who made me discover so much new things about everything.

The hiccup that has inside him many of the features of his father, our lost chief.

The hiccup I swear I'll follow as our new leader.

Liked it? I hope you enjoyed it! Next time, another teen!

3. Snotlout

**Ehy there, I am back again! I am happy that this story captured the attention of some people yet. **

**Lakota1172: **Oh, I am so happy to hear you! It is wonderful you reviewed! I'll try to make it a mighty fine story! It's want I want.

**JohnGilbertVampirehunter: **Thank you, a lot! Sorry, this isn't one of the twins, but they will arrive later! Hope you'll like this anyway.

**snake creamer: **Thank you so much, hope you'll like this!

**midnightsky0612: **I have to say "Wow"! I couldn't beleive a so happy review! It's wonderful!

**Writer65: **Thank you so much. I'm glad you liked it. Your words made me really satisfied!

**NTYTekHTTYDFan: **Happy you liked it! Hope also this will make you happy.

**Guest: **Well, I couldn't expect this just from chapters I had just published. Happy you liked me.

NightFury999: I think you exaggerate a bit, but thanks! I am glad someone enjoyed so much my work! Hope you'll like also this!

Here I am. In the most unexpected place in the world.

Where Hiccup found his mother, where that crazy guy called Drago Bludvist took all of our dragons under its control.

And where we lost ... we lost our chief.

I am here, with a bow and a burning arrow in the hands, watching my friend looking at the sea. I cannot watch what he is watching.

And so Ruff, Tuff, Fish. And our new pal, Eret son of Eret.

I cannot say what he is thinking about now. Because I cannot know what he is feeling.

We are sad, like him. But because we have just lost our leader. Our great leader.

But he is sad also because ... he has lost his father...

... I really ... I really do not know what to say ... nobody can do it. I know it perfectly.

But I can say without any doubt I am sorry for him. Really sorry.

I cannot believe we have lost Stoick. Stoick the Vast. A great Viking!

One of the greatest I have ever known!

A great leader, who made his life his work. A Viking I've always admired.

At every hour of the day, he was always thinking about us. Happy when we were happy, sad when we were sad. Like a chief must do.

I remember him walking through the village imposing, looking carefully everywhere to notice everything about him and so intervening the moment he saw it.

His voice echoed everywhere, and I remember the first times I heard it; I thought a thunder was inside my ears.

And in fact, I can say he was the cloud who always flew on our village, ready to hit with that thunderous voice everyone who was doing something bad or dangerous for his village or to launch, like thunders, orders to his fellowmen, all for his village.

I remember that voice echoing in my ears more than once; saying to me I was stupid, that I was just making troubles everywhere.

But many times that same voice, even if thunderous, gave to us joyful yells, and even during events like feasts or ceremonies it gave us the force to smile and be happy. Sometimes we also laughed for what he said.

And that same voice echoed also in my ears, encouraging me, comforting me.

When I thought everyone have never accepted one like me for what I did to them in the past, he was one of those who offered me his

forgiveness and his friendship. I couldn't be so happy to hear that voice in my ears; it wasn't a thunderous voice. It was a calm and warm, always a chief voice.

Yes, I felt like he was ready to hug me and to say me he was happy for me. And actually it was so. Hugging me and Ruff, and later also Tuff, saying to us he was happy for us. I still remember our tears ... and his smile.

A chief who knew when being hard and when to be soft. Even with someone like me.

And how he fought for us. When dragon raids were common, he was always on the first lines, giving orders and waving his hammer, smashing the jaws of a Nightmare or breaking the tail of a Nadder. Rarely he's found something that could give him troubles in battle. For the rest, he always managed to fight ad win. For us.

But he was a great man not just on the battlefield. But also when the sword and the hammer weren't requested.

His diplomacy was admirable, the way he managed to talk to everyone. It is that he was Mildew, or is another chief, even a dragon! How he talked, he managed to capture the attention of everyone, even just for a few time. But he knew how to talk to his fellowmen, he knew!

How he patiently listened every type of problem, and how he explained how to solve it.

And when he didn't find a simple way, he managed to find it after a clear thinking.

And if he couldn't find it, he was glad to listen any advice. Not always, but he knew when he had to do it.

And he was proud, and didn't let anyone talking about him in an indecorous way, neither someone like the twins.

As a Viking and as a chief, he couldn't accept some things, like the fact he had a weak and troublemaker boy for son. His only son, the only thing his long lost wife left him.

I remember those times he yelled at Hiccup, saying to him to come in their house, to not exit. He couldn't see that boy wanted to help us, be like us ... be like him. He acted most like a chief, in those times. When he needed to be more a father than a chief.

Stoick couldn't see it. He was always angry with him, even when he didn't do anything. His son wasn't a Viking, he wasn't like the son he wanted. He had no interest to be after a son who couldn't do anything good for the village. He wanted a son like ... like me, probably. Obviously not for my character, but for my strength and audacity. But neither me had the qualities Stoick wanted.

He didn't want me. I know perfectly he wanted Hiccup. Hiccup had to be that Viking. But after so many failures, he got tired of him. I cannot say how that poor boy felt, really. He had so good qualities that no one could imagine. He was the nearest person to Hiccup, he should be the first to notice this.

But he couldn't see this, and he arrived to neglect him for all those year, and arrived also to say he wasn't his son! Even if the stubbornness he had came out from him also other times, and probably this is one of the reasons he died. I mean, if he didn't pressure Hiccup so far, probably he wouldn't follow him and find this place. His wife. I couldn't believe she was alive. And Stoick ... I think he could be the happiest man of ever. But unluckily, this happiness was just for this last moments, when he arrived to do what he did. He did it as a chief ... and as a father.

I think everyone could do it, chief or not. But doing this he has showed to be a good chief, but a terrible father. With the years, I learned that a father could do everything for his son, also defending him when he was in big troubles.

But he recognized his errors, when he saw his son was a Viking. One heck of a Viking!

He rode dragons, he killed the Red Death, he managed to save us.

And I could clearly see he was proud of him. Proud to have a son who reminded him so well.

And this made him a better chief, a chief who could see many point of views in all the things ...

He was the chief every island needed, I'm sure of this. His audacity and his wisdom will always be in my mind, as his other qualities.

My father has always said to me to be a Viking. A proud, strong and perfect Viking. And when he said this, he always compared me to many Vikings, especially himself and Him.

I've always tried to be a Viking through and through. But from a long time I realized I'll never be like them.

And I'm not angry or sad while I'm saying this. I cannot be like Stoick the Vast or Hiccup.

They are Vikings. The perfect Vikings. Stoick was a Viking through and through, and Hiccup became a Viking more through and through.

And so it must be. I am happy you were our leader, Stoick. I bet every Island would have someone like you. You showed me many things to be a good Viking. Not as you, but a Viking through and through.

And I'll be happy to follow Your son as our chief. A moment everyone waited for a lot, I think.

And in fact Hiccup reminds a lot his father. Not in the aspect, not in the strength. But his heart his a lot like his; he can do everything, like him.

Being Stoick his father, he cannot be less from. He can also be more and more.

Now he is where Stoick was; to protect and help us.

And I swear I'll help him as I always did until now.

I am so happy to be by his side. As a fellowman, and as a Friend.

And as I did in these years, I will keep to protect him until my dead.

I have to rewrite better this chapter, because actually it is one of those I care more. Probably you won't like this, but I hope it is well written at least. Say what do you think in a review.

Next time, Ruffnut's thoughts.

Advices about language and plot are really accepted. Thanks again to all the ones who read, reviewed, favourited and followed this story, you made me so happy! You are great.

Hiccup is not useless

4. Ruffnut

For all the American readers, happy 4th July. In late, but I hope you won't be angry for this.

As promised, this time we'll see Ruffnut's thoughts! (that contain references to my story Happiness in Trouble).

Since I forgot to say it, this counts for ALL the chapters.

I DO NOT OWN HTTYD! IT AND ALL THE THINGS RELATED TO IT (EXCEPT MY ORIGINAL IDEAS) ARE RELATED TO DREAMWORKS AND CRESSIDA COWELL!

Enjoy it, and please review!

I've always loved things like fights and explosions.

Well, at least until I learnt how terrible and dangerous they can be.

And now, I can clearly realize what they can really do.

In my life I have never took care about that stuff I believed was cool could seriously hurt people.

Yes, than I have learned it wasn't right, but now ...

I am pretty shocked.

We arrived on this lost Ice Island, where we found the unimaginable ...

An armada of men and dragons, thousands of new dragon species, a new friend, a new and terrible enemy ... and Hiccup's mother.

Heck, his mother ... I am still surprised. Like anyone, I think.

I think finding someone like her, plus a lot of new dragons, should make happy every of us.

But then there was that MAD man, that CRAZY ...

Drago Bludvist ... what kind of name is that?!

It's like I called my son Zippleback!

I mean, maybe it is cool, but heck, he is called Drago, and he HUNTS dragons! He enslaves them without a second thought, to make them destroy everything!

Every dragon under him is a danger for everyone, and for itself!

... and also ours ...

Our friends, our best friends ...

Hookfang, Stormfly, Meatlug, Grump, Skullcrusher ... TOOTHLESS

...

Barf ... Belch ...

My friends ... my dearest friends ...

They were taken away from me and Tuff ...

They are going to be our enemies ...

Oh, Barf ... Belch ...

We could lose them forever ...

Just like him ...

That Drago didn't take just our dragons away ... he took away also our chief.

Our loved chief. The greatest chief Berk ever had.

Stoick ... Stoick the Vast was killed by that crazy guy.

Who let Toothless did it...

Toothless! Our greatest dragon, he killed Stoick!

He killed his best friend's father ... when he was going to kill Hiccup!

I ... know he didn't want ... he'd never did something like that ... never.

Stoick did what was right. What a chief always does.

What a father does ...

I've always ignored his scowls, when he found me and Tuff after one of our worst pranks.

We have risked to be punished in a terrible way many times ... but he never did something so bad to us ...

He loved us as a father ... because a chief is like a great father, I think.

He listens, he scowls, he helps, he is proud of ... of all of us.

I still remember how he scowled me, and how I feared he was ready to kick me off Berk.

I realized I was acting like a real jerk, and I feared he hated me for this.

And instead, when he discovered I was changed, he didn't doubt it ...

... but he patted gently my shoulder and ... smiled at me.

His smile. It was a very beautiful smile, a smile who made us feel joy, happiness ...

I remember my tears when he did it. I was so happy I would hug him for the joy.

And then, when I saw him, he was proud I was there to help the village, and not to destroy it.

I was so proud he gave me those proud looks, and that also Tuffnut could receive those.

And also Snotlout. Finally we could feel all the affection of ALL Berk, especially of the chief.

And now my tears are coming out of my eyes again.

I am happy I had a chief who seemed hard like the stone ... but also soft like the air.

His heart was one of the greatest, I swear.

How he lead us, and how he showed us affection.

And now, he left us someone that resembles him a lot, who can make us feel his presence.

His son. The son he treated like a Useless, and that then became his most precious treasure, the son he prepared for so long time.

I know you are so different from him, Hiccup.

You are not strong, you are not proud and Viking like he was.

But you are more. Your strength is your brain, your proud is what you manage to do with calm and wisdom.

Your is the heart of a chief. The heart of Stoick.

I've always treated you as a Useless, but now I am proud to call you

my chief, and to have you as one of my dearest friends.

You were always there for me, Tuff and Snot, you were always there for help people like us, to encourage us and to make us feel at home.

You did it in your way, but that was the way of a chief.

Stoick, I'll never forget you. And I promise I'll do everything to save our home, our friends.

I promise you I'll help and protect Hiccup as I always did for these years.

I promise I'll follow your son like I followed you.

I promise I'll do all of this, and I hope you'll be proud of me one more time.

Hope you liked it! Please say in a review what did you think.

Advices about language and plot are really accepted (I am Italian). Thanks a lot, and don't forget to read Tuffnut's thoughts, that I've posted yet!

Thanks again, you all are great!

Hiccup is not useless

5. Tuffnut

It's incredible I published in the same day the chapters on the Twins! Well, being them the twins, it shouldn't be strange, but for me is unusual!

Eh, eh, eh! Hop you will like this too!

Tuffnut's thoughts are also related to my stories about him I'll have to publish. Please review and say whatever you think!

I cannot believe I am seeing this now ...

I cannot believe I am here to see this!

I ... I ... I never wanted something like this from things like action and cool stuff.

I've always like explosions and fights because of ... I cannot say it well now, but I'm sure it isn't important to say.

I couldn't imagine we'd arrive to this.

We have just discovered a new Island, with Ice, rocks, and thousand dragons I've never seen.

Dragons I swear are the coolest I ever seen.

That dragon with four wings ... how I wish to train one of them!

And that giant dragon that shot ICE! Holy spears, I LOVE that dragon!

It was so great that dragon was with us!

And then there was also her ... Hiccup's mother!

It's incredible she is still alive, and that she managed to create her Dragon's crew! She's awesome! I wish to have a mother like her!

Oh, man, she's gorgeous!

But even if they are the coolest war machines of ever, I realize the cool stuff doesn't exists. Or rather, there's anything cool in destruction, explosions, war.

I've understood this a long time ago, I admit it, and I was starting to act differently. From a long time. Heck, I even managed to get two different girlfriends, in these two years.

It's been a long time I've finished to be the most terrible troublemaker in Berk.

And I admit it doesn't disgust me, it make me feel better.

Anyway, we discovered all of this, but also a new threat for all of us.

I think I could like people like Him in the past years. Or maybe not.

No ... I was a scoundrel, but I still could make the difference between simple troublemakers like me and my sister ... and criminals like Him.

Even is name could be cool; what kind of person should have a name like Drago Bludvist?!

It's like I called my son Dog! What the ...

Anyway, this is not just a criminal ... is a monster. A monster who arrived to enslave all those poor dragons to conquer the world.

And he took also ours. Also my dear friends.

Barf ...

Belch ...

And he also enslaved Toothless! How can someone enslave TOOTHLESS?!

He is the coolest, the strongest, the best ...

And instead he found himself weak and strange. He was another ... he wasn't Toothless anymore.

He was arriving to kill Hiccup! Toothless ... killing Hiccup ...

I ... this must be a nightmare! A terrible nightmare! One of the worst!

And instead, all this is true.

I think I could more shocked if Toothless did it. And instead ...

There's no reason to be happy, because he made us lose someone important.

I cannot believe we lost HIM!

He was ... he was ... strong, proud, a Viking, the first Viking in Berk!

And now ...

I cannot believe I'm here, to a funeral, ready to shot the burning arrow, and to say goodbye to Stoick the Vast.

Our chief, our leader ...

I remember his strongness, anytime I saw him.

When he talked, when he fought!

Heck, even a Nightmare couldn't defeat him so easily!

And how he lead us in battle! Many people was afraid to have him there. From Spitelout Jorgenson to Alvin the Treacherous.

From Fishlegs to Snotlout ... until ME.

How he took care about us. Any of us. He was always angry for something, but he hid in that a lot of worry.

He was anxious for everyone, even for someone like ME.

When he found me and Ruff after we did something terrible, like destroying a boat or annoying the yaks, he was so red of anger ...

At the beginning, I found it cool. I found it funny, without even listening him, and so the next time everything was repeated.

But then, my sister changed, and became a lot better. And so I started too, but my first steps weren't so good, and I found him yelling at me for other two years.

But then, I understood he was doing all of that just because he took care about me, like to anyone.

But he took care about ME! I wasn't anyone, I wasn't even his relative.

But he didn't care about this, he wanted me save like anyone.

He considered me even more than his son, when everyone looked at him

like a Useless.

Sure, I was maybe worse than Hiccup, but the chief never yelled so loud like with him.

I snickered at him so much times ... and now I am here, sad like I rarely was.

I am sad and I am crying for Stoick. But I have anything against it.

We HAVE to cry for someone like him!

He was like a father for all of us, because of his care and his love.

He was proud for every of us, even for someone like me, Ruffnut, Snotlout ...

I am proud I lived in his Island, in his Tribe.

I am proud to call him my chief.

As I am proud to call chief his son, his heir ...

He is like him: he takes care about us, maybe in a less angry way, but he has the same heart of his father.

He has a lot of inside him: the same strength the same wisdom, the same courage ... the same heart.

Ok, I've already said this, but I do not care. It is something so much true I have to repeat it, even if someone said to me to shut up.

And now, I swear I'll help my chief, I'll be by his side to fight that crazy guy who did all of this.

I'll be ready to fight Drago, to save my home and my friends. I swear I'll bloody his fist with my face if he tries to hurt my family!

I'll do this for Barf and Belch. I'll do this for the Berkians.

And I'll do this for you, Stoick.

This will be one of the actions I did in my life I am sure you will be proud about.

I promise I'll do everything ... in the right way.

Hope you liked it!

Now, I have to warn you all.

Next chapter will be focused on Astrid's thoughts. And, well ... it will be a lot difficult to write, since she is one of the nearest characters to Stoick, being his son's girlfriend.

**So, I could publish that chapter in a long time, so please, try to

contain the waiting.**

Well, I know that the waiting is the hardest part (I wanted to mention one of my favourite songs!), but please, wait!

Thanks to you all, advices about plot and grammar are really accepted!

Hiccupisnotuseless

6. Spitelout

READ THIS NOTES ABSOLUTELY:

**FROM THIS MOMENT, ALL THE CHAPTERS will be set AFTER the Final Battle. **

In MY stories, Spitelout and Stoick ARE NOT RELATED! They're not brothers, half-brothers, cousins, brothers-in law or so â€|

So, hope this will make clear why he doesn't refer to Stoick like a brother (I cannot see them related, sorry. Besides, in the movies they never talked to each other so).

So, now enjoy the thoughts of Spitelout; a character usually hated, but that maybe you will like a bit in this chapter.

Thank you all, you are great!

**Sincerely, **

Hiccupisnotuseless

When I heard it ... when those simple, but also ... I thought...

Oh, what can I ... it's too ... it was so unexpected ...

As Viking, I am grown in hard situations.

As all my family, I learnt how to live in an hard way and in a hard world.

But now, I have learnt how hard can be this world. How terribly , really hard can be.

I've always been a Viking as many are: strong, brave, and though.

I've never wanted to let the fear take all of me.

I have never been one who wanted to retreat, even in the most terrible battles.

Sure, there have been some episodes in which I felt like a frozen shiver against all my skin.

But after some minutes, I was ready to fight again and to win on everything. And I was always ready to scowl hardly whoever showed

fear and wanted to go home. How many times my saliva arrived from my yelling mouth on my companions' face.

Sometimes I even kicked hardly their butts to make them return to be real and determined Vikings.

I didn't let anyone show to be weak and to cry like stupid kids.

But then, I realized this ... there are moments even the most fearless and bravest Vikings can show something like this ... but it has to be something really unexpected and powerful for them.

Like those ... hard ... unexpected ... killing words. Those words killed me slowly, those words made me feel like I was going to fall and I couldn't stand up again.

Those words, that a crazy man like few are said us in one of the most incredible and shocking moments of our life.

I felt soon ... like the necessity of showing those feelings I couldn't stand. I had to show it ... I couldn't help to show it ... for the so unexpected lost of our Island.

In my village, I have always been one of the most important members.

Because if anyone had a problem, I was one of the TWO Vikings that needed to be there to listen and then resolve the thing.

Yes, because I am ... I ... I was the second - in command of the chief.

I was his right man.

I was one of his most trusted helpers.

Since when we were kids there was a lot of trust and help between us.

We managed to do almost everything together, just the two of us.

Or three, since Gobber was with us most of the time.

But for his first years, I was always there for him ...

I was the one who looked always behind him careful about everything.

Of course he had to be the leader of all of us.

Not just because he was the son of the chief, or because he was stronger than me.

No ... he had to be our leader because he was the one who looked like the most Viking of all of us.

Every single thing he did in his life's years showed to us all his Viking soul.

How he did something, I soon understood he was going to show us the

right way for live our life in the right way.

His voice thundered on us like a storm, making everything be done as it had to be done.

From how to fight the enemies, to how have fun during celebrations.

His hands and legs moved with the strength and the ... well, yes, the grace of a raging bull, not stopping for any reason. He could be hurt, even seriously, but if it was needed ...

he managed to fight until everything was finished.

Like when he almost lost a leg, during that dragon raid. But he'd never left that Gronckle killing a more hurt Mulch.

Or when he risked to have his head cut by one of our greatest enemies, Norbert the Nutjob, who was going to hit the Thorston boy who was trapped against a wall.

Or when he met his old dragon for the first time ... that almost brought him to the sea's end. He was ready to fight that dragon until the night, if it was necessary. Heck, he was crazy, a lot! How can someone think to defeat ... a Thunderdrum! A Thunderdrum, a real Thunderdrum! That lately became ... his own dragon. Oh boy, I was always repeating to me â€œ this is a Viking, one heck of a Viking, The VIKING!

He'd never left us fighting weak and hurt. He showed this many, many, many times.

I swear I'd never wanted to leave him alone there, I swear I'd want to be there with him until the end, as all the warriors ... and the friends he stood there to fight the Red Death ... alone. I was ordered to take all the others away from the battle, but if it was for me ... I'd never left that place.

I'd wished Gobber was in my place. Not because I was jealous or because so everyone could remember me as one of the two lone fighters of the Red Death.

Because my friend needed me. And besides, being Gobber not so fast due his leg, I could have him more save.

Instead, it was too late. I was already leading the other warriors away.

But I can say, without being ashamed, I feared he couldn't return to us. And thinking this, I felt like I was ready to yell and to run where he and Gobber were and then fight angrily the monster even if it'd ate me in one second.

Luckily, Stoick was still ready to show us all his luck and audacity.

He showed us he managed to leave us with the greatest and most wonderful thing of ever.

His son.

... I have ... I have to say that when he had his heir, I said to myself I was more lucky than him. It was so strange I had a son who could be soon considered the heir of the chief, and that the chief had a son who could be soon considered the son of a normal villager.

It was something you could find really funny; and maybe I thought this, at least a bit.

As all of us, at the beginning I was so surprised that our great, strong and charismatic chief had as son a ... hiccup.

And then, I started to feel so much anger and rage against that sort of human anchovy, that didn't manage to show us anything that could say ... he was a Viking.

He couldn't do anything good for us. He'd never manage to be a good heir.

He didn't seem ...

We couldn't consider him son of Stoick.

And neither him could recognize him as such. He also arrived to make it official, accusing him to be a treacherous.

But even if he did it, soon he recognized his error.

And so us.

Hiccup couldn't be big, sturdy or an able fighter like Stoick ... because he was more.

Watching him fighting the Red Death, watching him teaching our kids, included my more Viking son, about how to train dragons, watching him battling Drago... I saw you, Stoick.

I realized he couldn't not being the son of that great Viking.

I can say this Stoick ...

I will miss you a lot ... I will miss you for all my life.

And I am sure you won't be disappointed if while I am saying this ... water is going down my cheeks.

Because I cannot help to cry in this moment.

I am sure you'd cry too, if I was to your place.

How I'd wish to be dead now, and to have you still here.

I am just the second in command, and I will never be more than this.

But probably I could receive just one of your hardest scowls for saying this.

Because I know I can be useful, a lot.

I still can help the village, I still can show them the same things you always showed.

And above all, I can do my best to protect ... your most precious Berkian.

The real, the only ... Hiccup.

I can say you are still here, my friend.

Because being him your son, he can still give us all the force and all the help you always gave.

And being him Hiccup, he maybe can do more and more. He can show us your same soul.

But still, he will always have something that will remind of us the great, the powerful, the wise and unique chief you were.

Because you were the perfect example of a chief. Even if hurt, seriously hurt, he had the force to go where he could help, and help.

He knew he had to do this ... because he wasn't just an excellent chief ... he was an excellent father.

And as a father, he had to this. We cannot say the opposite, absolutely.

But I can say you, doing this, helped not just Hiccup ... you helped ALL of us.

It was your last deed ... for Berk.

You knew perfectly that Berk needed Hiccup more than you.

You did something that only an excellent chief can do: do the best for your village, even if this made your last day on this Earth.

And I promise, that until my death, until my last bone will crack in my body, I will keep to have our amazing and precious Hope and Heir save from everything.

I swear I will keep to rub the shoulders with him and to maintain your soul still present on Berk for a long, long time.

I promise this to you, my leader.

I will do as if it was the last thing I will do on this Earth.

I will never forget you ... My Friend. I couldn't forgive me if this happened.

A Chief protects his own, you always said. And thanks to Hiccup, you will keep to do it even now.

Thank you, Stoick ... my wonderful chief ... and above all, my greatest friend.

IMPORTANT NOTE:

You see, I was thinking ... why just show the Teens' thoughts? And so, I have decided to publish the thoughts of other characters. **I know I said the next thoughts should be Astrid's, but for her I have something more in my mind. For this, sorry, but you will have to wait a lot for it, since they will be also the most difficult to write.**

I think Spitelout could really think this. I hope you liked this chapter a lot, and to keep to have your mind calm.

Next time, we will see the thoughts of Gothi. I think she could be one of the most important characters to think something about Stoick. I wanna make her thoughts very good, at least I hope.

Thanks for all your support, you're all great.

**Sincerely, **

Hiccupisnotuseless

End
file.